

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY!

My Life AS an Artist
by

TIM JACOBUS

Color
GOOSEBUMPS
pictures
inside!



The real deal on the **Goosebumps**® cover artist

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY!

My Life AS an Artist

by
Tim Jacobus

WITHDRAWN FOR DISCARD

BIOGRAPHY

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JACOBUS
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SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney

Thank you, Tracey, for making me seem coherent.

Thanks, Larry, for literally watching paint dry.

Thanks to everyone at Scholastic, who I can't believe
thought this was a good idea.

And special thanks to Bob for creating great images
for me to paint.

ACK

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The Monsters Under My House



Come out, Tim! We know you're in there!"

I sat upright in bed. A full moon shone brightly through my bedroom window.

Had I really heard someone calling my name? I listened carefully. The wind whistled through the tall black trees outside. An owl hooted in the darkness.

It must have been a dream, I told myself. I snuggled back under the covers.

"Tiiiiiiim. Come out, Tiiiiiiim."

I jumped out of bed. This was no dream. The voice was coming from outside. Actually, there was more than one voice. And they were calling to me.

I slipped on a pair of high-top sneakers and walked down the creaky staircase. I opened the front door and stepped into the dark night.

"Who are you? What do you want?" I called out.

"We want you, Tiiiiiiiiim Jacobus," the voices whispered.

A cold, slimy hand grabbed my ankle. More hands grabbed at my legs, pulling me down. I kicked and screamed, but it was no use. I could feel my body being pulled underneath the foundation of my house.

"Let go of me!" I yelled.

"Don't fight it, Tim. We know what's best. You have been chosen."

The slimy hands dragged me deeper and deeper into the ground. Soon I couldn't see the moon anymore. I couldn't see anything. It was so very dark.

Finally, the hands let go of me.

"Stand up, Tim."

I obeyed the voices. As my eyes got used to the dark, I saw that I was in some kind of cave.

Then I saw what had dragged me down there — and I nearly lost it!

Three monsters were hunched in a corner of the cave. Their skin was pale white and dripping with slime. The first had one giant eyeball in the middle of its head. The second monster had a long horn for a nose. And the third monster had fangs as long as my arm.

"Wh-what d-d-do you want with me?" I stammered.

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The one-eyed monster stepped to the side, revealing an easel, paintbrushes, and hundreds of tubes of paint.

"You will paint for us," the monster said. "We have many visions. You will help us bring them to life."

"Visions of giant insects and killer hamsters," the long-horned monster said.

"Visions of evil lawn gnomes and haunted masks," the monster with fangs added.

This can't be real, I told myself. A jolt of courage shot through me.

"Paint your own nightmares!" I yelled. I ran to the cave entrance.

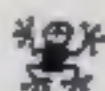
"Not so fast, Tim," the monsters said.

The one-eyed monster threw a thick chain through the air. It wrapped around my leg as if it were alive. The other end of the chain wrapped around the easel.

I was trapped!

"You belong to us now, Tim," the monster said. "You will paint whatever we tell you . . . forever!"

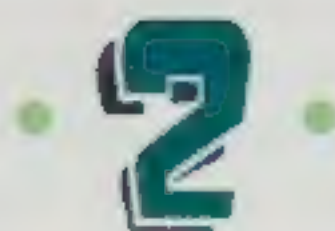
Since that day, I've been held captive by the monsters under my house. Forced to paint *Goosebumps* covers in a dark, dark cave.



Okay, I guess I got a little carried away there. I have not been kidnapped by monsters. But my name

• TIM JACOBUS •

is Tim Jacobus. I'm the guy who paints the covers for the *Goosebumps* series. And this is my story. It might not be scary, but in this book you will read about a green toddler, boiled skeletons, R.L. Stine, a cat named Psycho — and even a monster or two.



Born to Scare

You'd probably expect someone who paints *Goosebumps* covers to have had a weird childhood. I might have been raised by vampires and lived in a dark, gloomy castle.

Actually, I grew up in Denville, a small town in New Jersey. My parents weren't vampires, and neither were my sisters, Karen and Patti.

I like to think that my childhood was pretty normal. My mom has a different opinion. She says that I was a pretty scary kid — even when I was just a toddler!

Once, when I was about two years old, my mom put me down in my crib for a nap. She went to sleep in her room. That's when I went into action.

I climbed out of the crib and went straight to the bathroom. I started splashing around in the toilet. (I guess I thought it was an indoor pool.)

Soon I was soaked from head to toe. I made my way into the cabinet under the sink. There I found a can of blue powdered bathroom cleaner. Perfect!

I sprinkled the cleaner on my hands and face. When it mixed with the water from the toilet, it turned bright green. I must have looked like a tiny alien lizard-creature.

Then I walked into my mom's room. When my mom woke up and saw a bright green baby coming toward her, she let out an incredible shriek.

It was fun for me, but not so much fun for her. Mom can still remember how scared she was.

(Just a note to any practical joker readers out there — you know who you are. Do not try this trick at home. Toilet water and bathroom cleaner can be very dangerous to your health. Not to mention very gross. Hey, I was only two years old!)

That was the end of my crib-climbing, mom-scaring days. To make sure I didn't escape again, my parents tied me to the crib post with a necktie around my ankle.

When I got older, I went from being a scary baby to a scaredy-cat. I hate to admit it now, but I was afraid of just about everything.

I can still remember the first movie that ever scared me. It was a black-and-white version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Believe me, it was nothing

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like the Disney cartoon. Because it was in black and white, it seemed more real, somehow — like I was watching a scene from the past. It was full of dark alleys, evil villains, and angry villagers with torches. After I saw that movie, I didn't sleep for a week!

When I was about ten years old, I tried to see another scary movie with my best friend, Drew. We decided to check out a movie about cavemen called *One Million Years B.C.* In the opening scene, the cavemen hunt down a giant boar, kill it, and rip out his giant tusk. That was it! I was out of there. I left Drew and walked three miles home by myself.

It wasn't just movies that scared me, either. Real life had plenty of things to be scared of.

When I was eleven, I went hiking in the woods with my dad and some of my friends. We turned a bend, and there it was! The skeleton of a small animal — probably a fox. To me, it looked as if its face were frozen in an evil smile.

I couldn't get the smile out of my head. I dreamed about it all night. My father must have gotten tired of my talking about it, because he suggested we bring it home.

I was really afraid of the skeleton, but I was curious too. I put on thick gloves, but I still couldn't bring myself to pick it up. Finally my friend Mike grabbed it with his bare hands and threw it into a bag.

When we got home, I wasn't too scared to touch it anymore. I boiled the skeleton. My dad helped me dry



That's me at
age seven. It was
my first time on
ski. I've been
hitting the slopes
ever since.



Here's me and my
sister. They're
both wearing
sunnies because
vampires can't
stand the
sunlight.



That's me on the right, with my best friend, Drew. We were pretty good baseball players back then.

it and glue in some of the loose teeth. It still had that same evil smile

I put it on a shelf in my bedroom. Every night, as I went to sleep, the skeleton smiled its evil smile at me. But somehow, it just wasn't as scary anymore

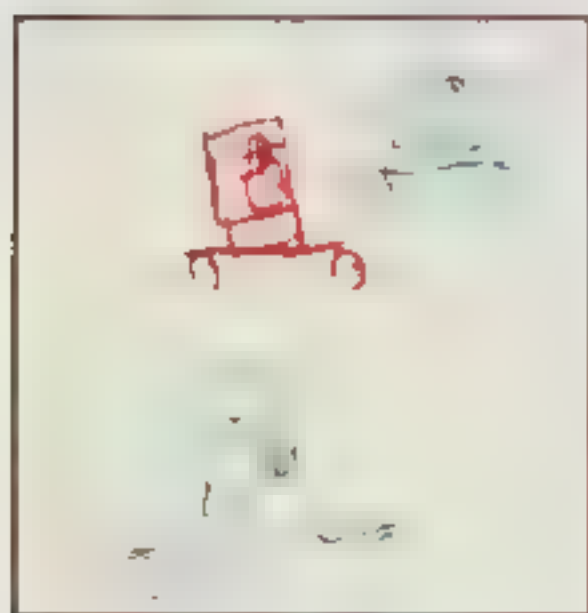
I guess boiling a skeleton sounds pretty creepy after all, but my whole childhood wasn't like that. One of my favorite things to do was play sports with the kids in my neighborhood. It didn't matter what we played, just as long as we were playing something basketball, touch football, Wiffle ball, you name it. Today, I still play basketball with these same friends.

TIM JACOBUS

My dad taught me how to ski when I was seven. That's something I still like to do today too. I still ski, play basketball every week, and ride my mountain bike whenever I can.

When I wasn't playing sports or building a new fort in my backyard I was drawing. I've always loved to draw, even when I was a toddler tied to my crib.

This is one of my first drawings:



It's supposed to be a car, but it looks more like a house on wheels. From cars, I moved on to people. Here's my brilliant portrait of George Washington:



It looks just like him, doesn't it?

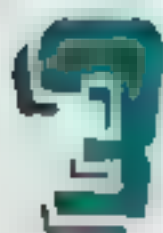
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Finally, here's some evidence that I was destined to draw strange creatures when I grew up. This was supposed to be my dog. He seems to be missing a leg.



Pretty scary, huh?

As I got older, my drawings got a little better. In school, my two favorite subjects were — you guessed it — art and gym. Art class was always fun for me. But when I was a kid, I never imagined that someday I'd be a professional artist. And I never imagined for a second the kinds of scary things I'd be painting for *Goosebumps*!



A Day in the Life of Me



Painting *Goosebumps* covers is fun, but it's also hard work. Why not close your eyes for a minute and find out what it's like to be me for a day? (On second thought, maybe you should keep your eyes open so you can read this chapter.)



5:00 A.M.

The alarm clock rings. I punch it. I wake up and put on the same pants I wore yesterday. I make a pot of coffee for me and my wife, Laura, and open cans of cat food for my cats, Psycho and Rigby.

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5:30 A.M.

The morning paper arrives. I read it as I try to wake up

6:30 A.M.

Why am I up so early? To answer fan mail I write between one and three letters a day.

7:00 A.M.

I head to my studio. I like it there. I have a life-size cardboard cutout of Curly wearing glow-in-the-dark boxer shorts for inspiration. My good luck charm sits on a shelf. It's a strange bottle that my father brought me from Mexico. There's a cow's foot at the base, and the hoof is the bottom of the bottle. Seeing all the cool stuff in my studio makes me feel comfortable. I turn on the radio and start to draw or paint the latest cover I am working on.

9:00 A.M.

I spill something. That's okay. The horrible old carpet on the floor has years of paint all over it. There's so much dried paint that the floor is as hard as a rock!

10:00 A.M.

The phone starts ringing. It's probably someone from Scholastic, the company that publishes *Goosebumps*. They'll want to know how the painting is coming. I punch the phone and keep on painting.

• TIM JACOBUS •

11:00 A.M.

Lunchtime! I eat the same thing every day vegetables and tuna fish with oil and vinegar.

11:30 A.M.

I head to a local school to speak at an assembly. I set up. I start to sweat.

12:00 P.M.

It's slide show time. Still sweating.

12:45 P.M.

After the show, I answer questions and sign *Goosebumps* books.

2:00 P.M.

Time to get back to painting. I load up the CD player with some of my favorite music. Maybe today I'll listen to the blues.

6:30 P.M.

After painting all afternoon, I'm hungry. My wife Laura usually takes hours to make a great dinner for us. It takes me about seven minutes to eat it.

7:00 P.M.

Play basketball with some friends. Sweat some more.

• IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY •

9:30 P.M.

Time to relax and watch TV. Psycho likes to watch TV with me. I think his favorite show is *Days of Nine Lives*. (Sorry about the bad joke. I couldn't help myself. From the sound of Psycho's growl I can tell he didn't like it, either.)

11:00 P.M.

It's bedtime! Laura says I make this "puffff" sound just before I fall asleep. I kick Psycho off the end of the bed and . . . *PUFFFFFF*.

5:00 A.M.

I punch the alarm clock, and another day begins!



Photo by Courtney Photography

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The Day I Met R.L. Stine



I can't read about a typical day in my life. New stories of you are probably waiting. But where was R.L. Stine? I thought you'd do everything together! Aren't you the best friends ever?

I can't say I've met R.L. Stine a few times. In the world of books, writers and artists don't get to meet each other much. A writer writes a book. The writer sends it to the book publishing company. An editor there reads it and then tells the artist what to draw. So writers and artists don't really get a chance to hang out. They're too busy writing and drawing.

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

Even though R L. Stine and I aren't best buddies we have met. In fact, I'll never forget the first time I saw him.

It was after midnight. I was walking down a dark, lonely street. Suddenly, a man lunged out of the shadows. He wore a long black cape. He had bushy hair, eyeglasses . . . and gleaming white fangs!

"Good evening," he said. "I am R L. Stine."

He lifted his cape above his head. Then he opened his mouth wide . . . and dug his fangs into my neck!

Actually, I'm just making that up. R L. Stine is *not* a vampire. He's a pretty normal guy. But my editor was hoping I'd have a very scary story to tell about meeting him, and I didn't have one.

Here's what *really* happened.

I had spent four years painting *Goosebumps* covers without ever meeting R L. Stine. Not once. But one day I was invited to a sort of party, and I heard he was going to be there. I just had to go.

My wife, Laura, and I arrived, and there were *hundreds* of people. They all wanted to meet R L. Stine. It looked hopeless.

I squeezed my way through the crowd. Mr. Stine was giving a speech. When he was done, he walked back into the crowd . . . and stood right next to me. I couldn't believe it.

"Hi, I'm Tim Jacobus," I said.

R.L. Stine smiled and said, "Tim who?"

9 TIM JACOBUS •

(See, I *told* you writers and artists don't work together.)

Of course, once I explained that I painted the *Goosebumps* covers, R L. Stine knew exactly who I was. We talked for a while. He was a very nice, normal guy — not scary at all.

So there you have it. Like me, R L. Stine is not weird or creepy. Just because we know how to scare *you* doesn't mean that we're scary in real life!



Watch Me Paint a Goosebumps Cover

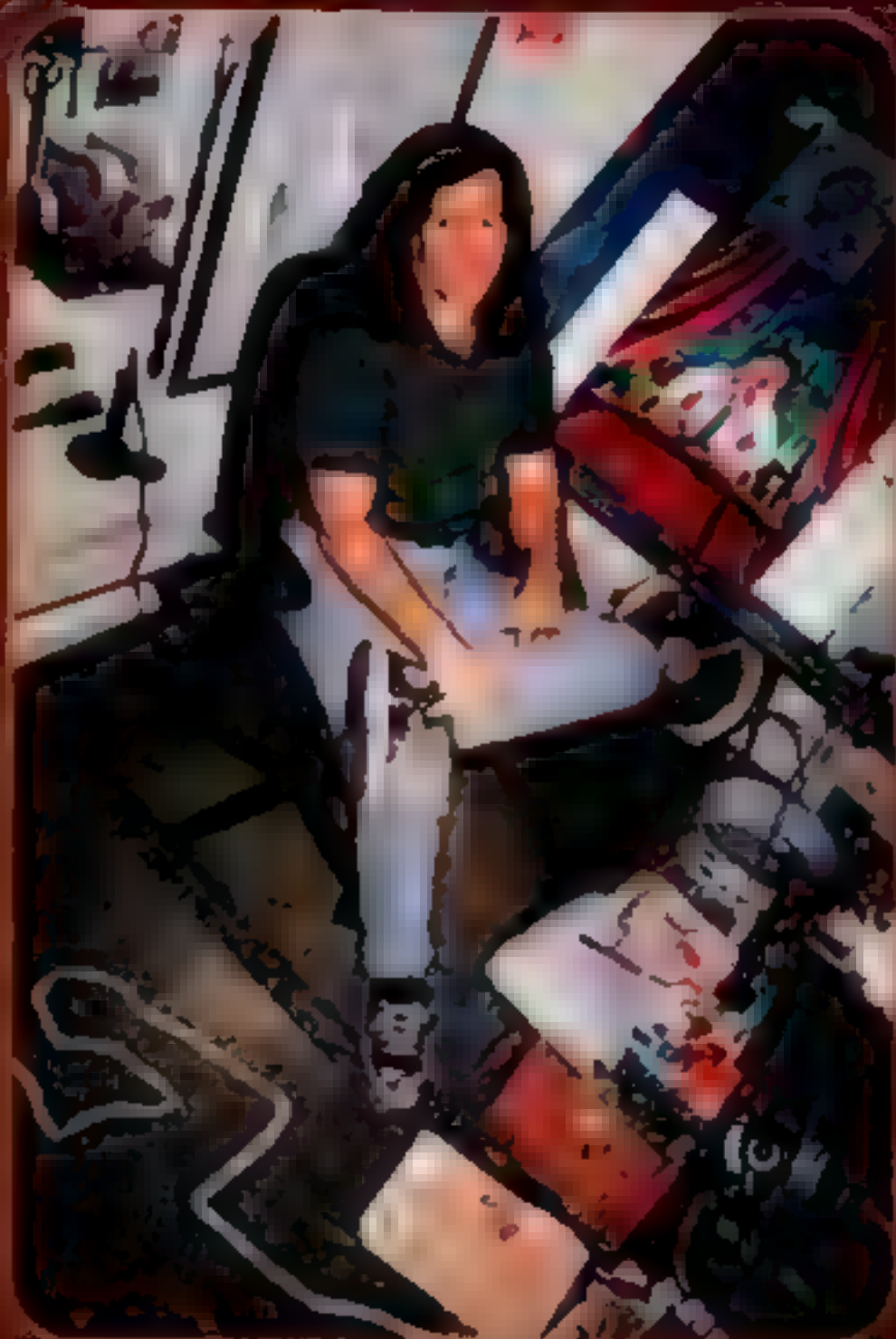


Remember what it was like to spend a typical day in my life? Well, if you read that chapter carefully, you probably noticed that I spend hours every day drawing and painting.

In this chapter, I'll tell you exactly what it takes to paint a *Goosebumps* cover from start to finish. Every day begins in my studio, where I work.

My studio is small — only 12 feet by 12 feet — but I love it. I feel like I'm in the cockpit of an airplane. I sit in my chair with wheels and spin around to reach and touch everything more easily. That comes in handy when I'm busy — which is almost always.

TIM JACOBUS



There's only one small window in my studio
so almost no sunlight gets in. Just perfect
for painting scary covers.

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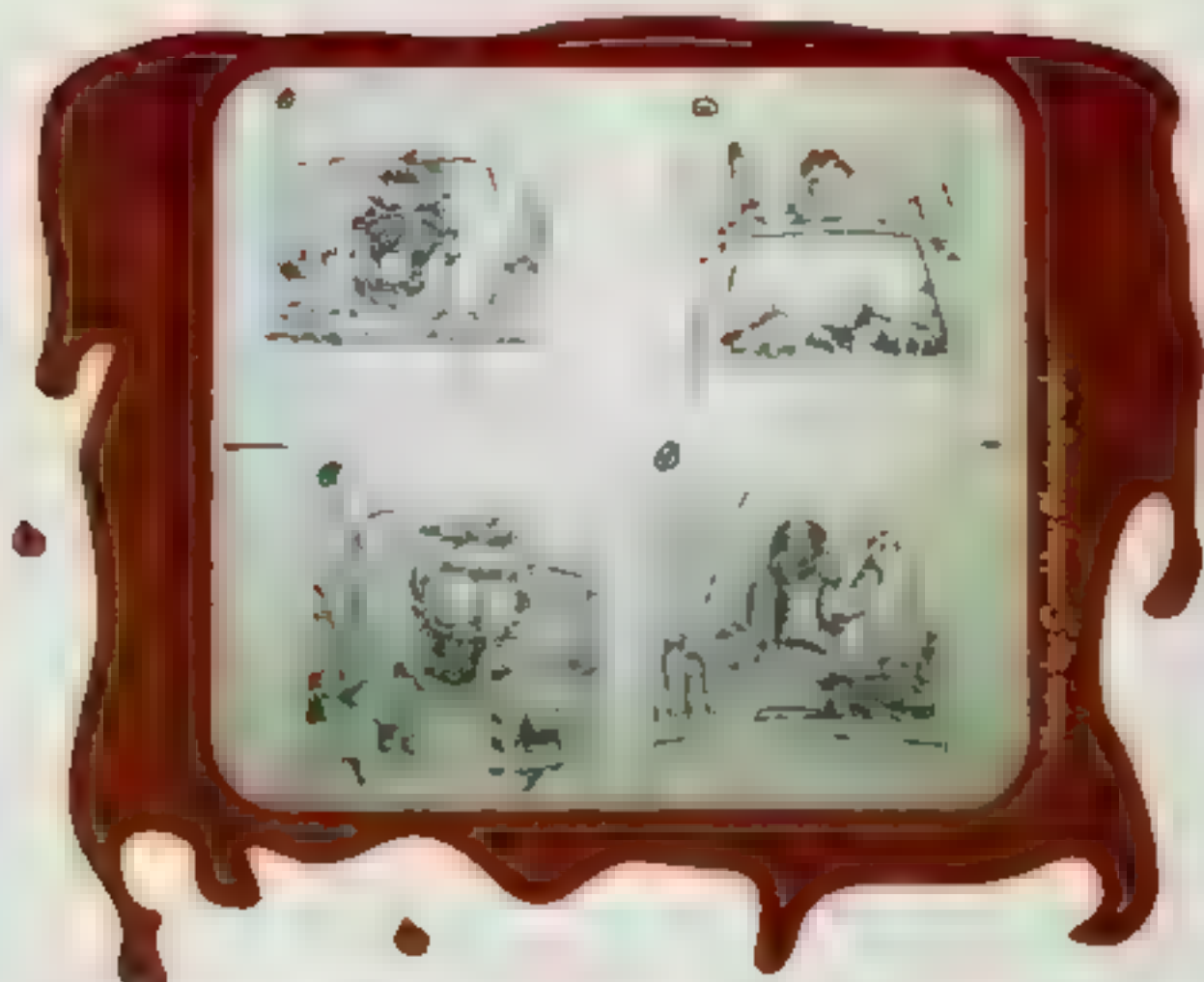


Today I'm reading a fax that I got from my editor and art director at Scholastic. They are the people who tell me what the next *Goosebumps* book is about. They also give me a description of what the cover painting should look like. That's when the fun begins!

Today I am going to work on a book called *Creature Teacher*. It is about a teacher who is really a monster.

To get started, I use a pencil to scribble as many ideas as I can think of that show what the cover could look like. These are called "thumbnail" sketches. I may draw as many as 30 of them. I don't worry about detail yet. Then I pick the three or four that best match the description my editor and art director sent





The thumbnail sketches are kind of messy. After I pick the four I like best, I refine them and add more detail. Even though I'm only using a pencil, I can show where shadows will be, and which parts of the painting will be dark or light.

For this book, I tried showing the Creature Teacher with some different scary faces. I also tried one that doesn't jump out and scare you right away — she's got a normal face, but creature feet.

When I'm done, I fax them all to the editor and art director. They'll pick the one they think will make the best painting.

• IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY •

My bosses chose the scariest sketch — the one with the creepy teacher leaning over the desk. I like it because it looks like she's yelling at the reader.

Now comes my favorite part — the paint! I use acrylic paint. It has a water base, so it's easy to clean up — although it doesn't come off of my sneakers!

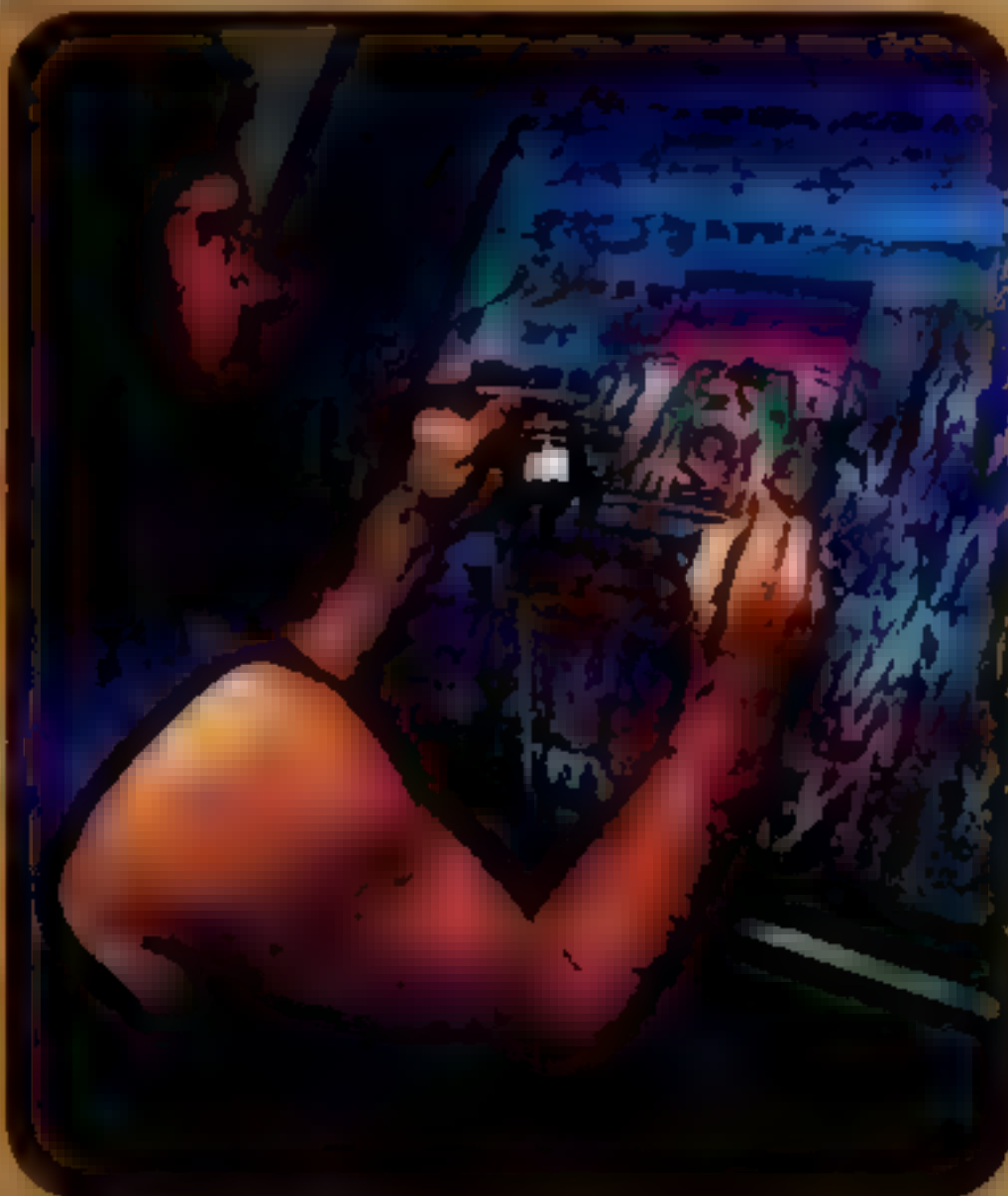
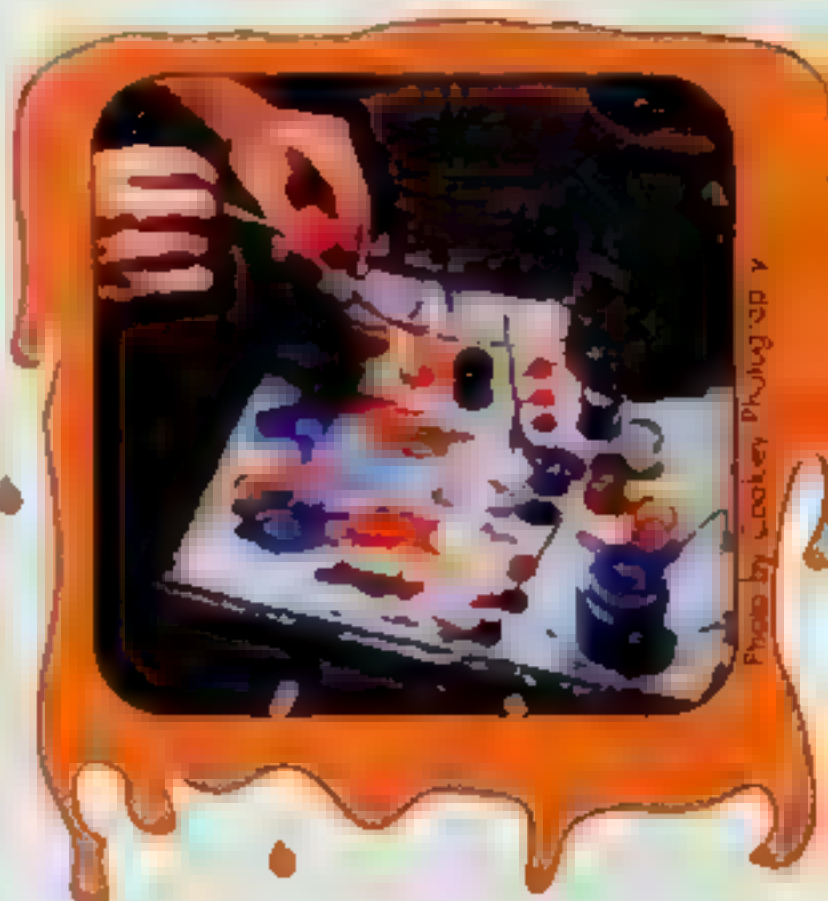


Photo by Coontley Photography

TIM JACOBUS

First, I choose the colors that are best for the painting. I use the colors to do a small version of the painting called a color comp. This shows me how the colors will look in the final painting. If I don't like any of them, I can try out new ones before I start on the real painting.



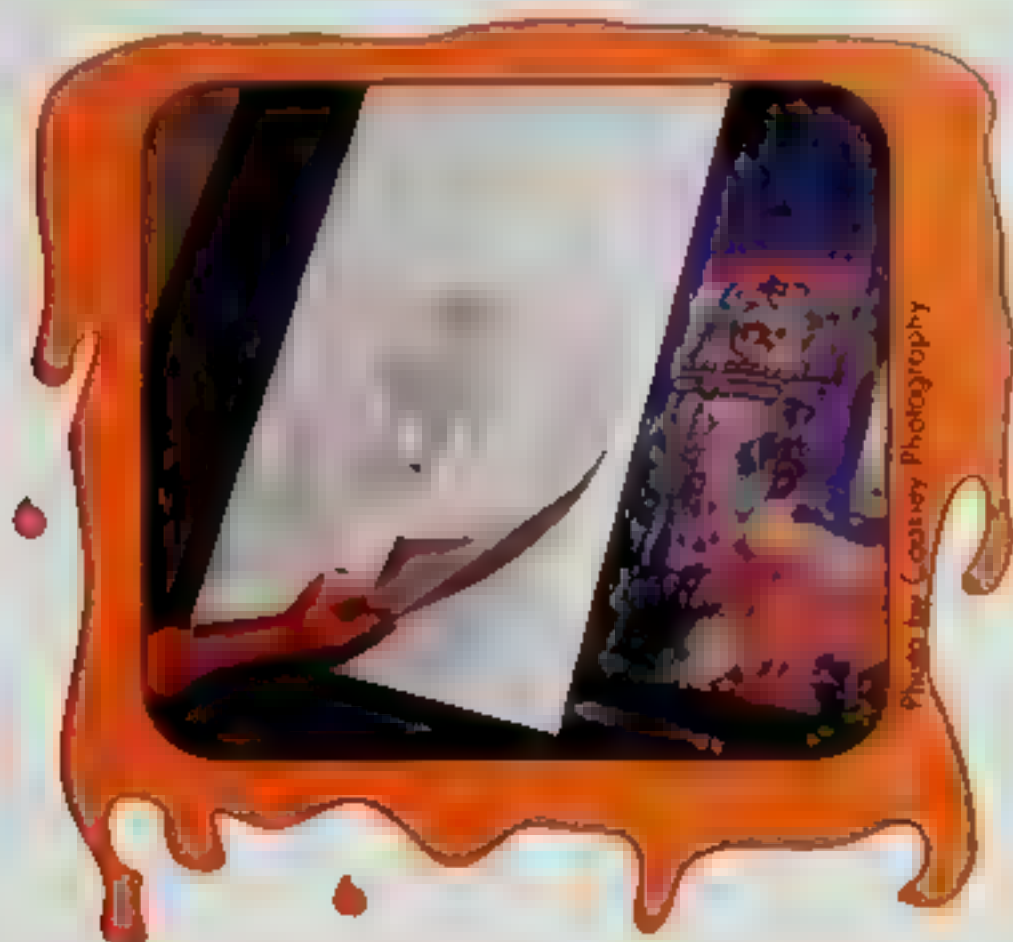
I pick a nice, sickly green for the chalkboard. For the teacher's skin, I'll use a shade of pink so she looks almost human — but not quite.

TIM'S TIPS

When you draw or paint, think about how you want people to feel when they look at your picture. Do you want them to feel dark and gloomy? Then choose colors like black, gray, and deep blue. Do you want a hot and fiery picture? Then choose bright red and orange. For a calm, peaceful feeling, try soft blues and greens. Get the picture? If you're not sure, look at your colors one at a time and see how they make you feel.

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Once I've done the color comp, it's time to do the real thing. First, I blow up the sketch on a photocopier. I make it bigger than a *Goosebumps* cover so it's easier to paint.



Next, I paint the background. I'll apply the paint with a tool called an airbrush.

To prevent the different colors from spilling onto each other, I use a piece of clear plastic called a frisket. I cover the whole board with the frisket. Then I cut shapes like puzzle pieces around the parts of the painting I want to be different colors. When I want to paint a section, I peel off the frisket, spray paint that spot, and put the frisket back. It's a little like painting with puzzle pieces.

TIM JOEDDUS •



Here I was able to get back at the ground
I had been protected the purple wiles
of the purple wiles.

[illegible]

I have been, I think, more than apt to be
 satisfied with my work. I think that this like-
 ness does not do justice to it, though it may cover it.
 And I believe I have been satisfied with it, and there are
 some people who are not so.

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY



TIM JOEDDUS •



Here I was able to get back at the green
 ... the purple wiles
 ...

[illegible]

I have been, I must say, the art has to be
 that of a man who is too I think that this has
 been a great deal of work, doing a very good
 work. I have been, I think, and there are
 many things that I have been doing.



The Creepy Cover Hall of Fame



ag eating monsters. Green slime. Living dummies. Invisible kids.

In all the years I've been painting *Goosebumps* covers, I've been asked to draw some really weird things. It's always fun, but it's not always easy.

If you've ever tried to draw something, you probably know that it's easier to draw something that's right in front of you. But when you have to figure out what something looks like in your head, it's a little harder. For most artists, it's not a big deal. If you need to draw a tree, or a house, there's usually one nearby. But what do you do when you need to draw a

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

shrunk head? It's not like I keep one in a drawer in my kitchen. (Well, not anymore, anyway.)

In this chapter, I'll let you in on the secrets behind some of my favorite covers. I'll also let you know which covers made me smile, and which ones made me want to scream!

For *The Haunted Mask* cover I needed to paint a girl holding a Halloween mask up to her face. The mask part was no problem. My dad had an old rubber mask that he used for the head of a scarecrow. In the final painting, I changed the face of the mask to make it scarier, with much longer fangs.

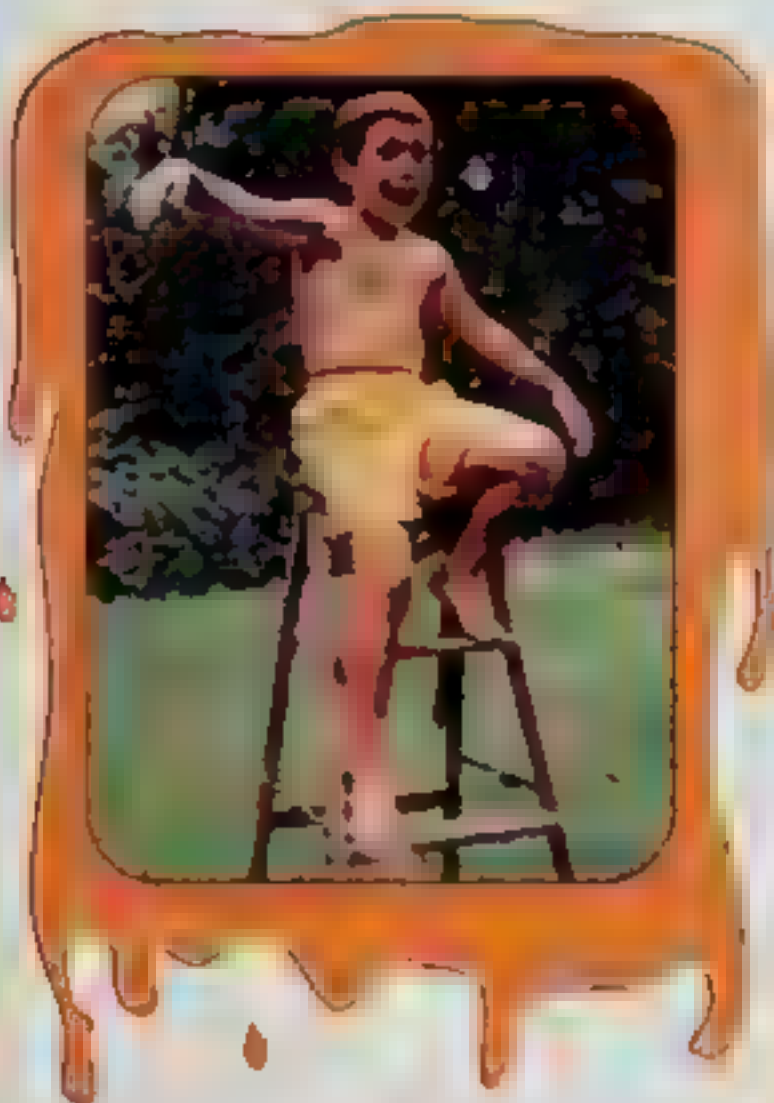
For the girl, I asked my niece, Jessie, if she wanted to be my model. I told her she'd get to be on a book cover. Jessie was thrilled. She told all of her friends. Boy, was she mad when I made her hold a mask over her face! I don't know what she was so upset about. The top of her head looks great!



TIM JACOBUS



IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY



When it came time to paint the cover for *Deep Trouble*, I didn't have any trouble finding a model. My friend Donny didn't mind being shark bait. When he posed for this picture in my backyard, there wasn't a shark in sight.

I had Donny sit on a stool so he

could dangle his arms and legs in the air. That way, I could draw them as if they were dangling underwater

It was a little harder finding a hammerhead shark in the middle of New Jersey, so I settled for some pictures in an encyclopedia.



TIM JACOBUS

When it came time to paint the cover for *The Horror at Camp Jellyjam*, I used my favorite model — me. That's right I bet you didn't know when you read that book that that was *me* staring at you!

At first, I was worried my friends would make fun of me when they saw this cover. But they think it's really cool. They can't believe that the kid they played Wiffle ball with has his face plastered on a book cover. Don't I have a great smile?



IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

TIM'S TIPS

Have some fun with photographs of you and your friends and family. Try to copy the image, or trace it on to a piece of tracing paper. Then turn yourself into a monster! Add fur, fangs, claws, and slime to your face and body. Then fill in the background with the spooky setting of your choice. How about a creepy cave, a haunted house, or a dark sky with a full moon?

It's not always possible to find a model for every cover I paint. For *How I Got My Shrunk Head* I knew I wouldn't find any shrunken heads lying around my house. I had to use my imagination — and a few tricks.

First I drew the head several different ways. Then I drew a typical messy kid's room. I left a space on top of the dresser for the head. Then I cut out the heads, and when I found one that looked good,



TIM JACOBUS

I pasted it into the picture Now that's what I call
using my head!



IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

ATTN'S TIPS

You can use the same trick when you draw. If it's too hard to draw a big scene with a lot of detail, try drawing some of the pictures separately. Then cut them out and paste them together to make one big picture.

Painting *Goosebumps* covers means I have to draw a lot of claws, fangs — and feet. Look at the feet on these covers.



Notice anything about them? That's right. They're all wearing the same sneakers — my favorite sneakers in the world — Converse All Stars (high-tops, of course).

TIM JACOBUS

I can't help it. I've worn nothing but these sneakers since I was a kid. Back then, I used to wear one pair until it was full of holes. Now I have a new system. At all times, I have three pairs of sneakers, one white, one black, and one in either blue or red. I work in two of the pairs, so they're always covered in paint. I keep the third pair clean for special occasions. I think I would wear my Cons even if the president invited me to the White House for dinner! (It could happen — I hear he has a secret *Goosebumps* stash in the Oval Office.)

People always ask me which cover was the hardest I ever had to paint. Well, to paint *A Night in Terror Tower* I spent a night in real terror. Remember when



I said it takes about five days to paint one cover? I had to paint this one in just one night! Like the cover says, it was one L-O N G night. But when it was done, I was proud. Compared to the other covers, I don't think you can tell that I did this one at super speed.

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

Another question people always ask is: What's your favorite cover? That's kind of a hard question. I really like them all. But *Monster Blood II* is one of my all-time favorites. It was fun trying to make a hamster look evil.



— TIM JACOBUS

This is another one of my favorite covers, *Egg Monsters from Mars*. I think it's scary to mix something ordinary — like a carton of eggs — with something really creepy, like the slimy egg monster. You don't expect to see the monster there, and it adds to the surprise.



IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY



This cover is my latest favorite. *The Blob That Ate Everyone* I'm not sure why — maybe it's because I can't believe someone actually paid me to paint a giant tongue!

TIM JACOBUS

I spend most of my time painting regular *Goosebumps* covers. But every once in a while, I get to do something special. You've probably already seen this handsome three headed dude on the covers of the *Goosebumps Triple Header* series. I'll let you in on a secret: the Triple Header monster didn't always look this way.



IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY

At first, the cover was going to show a three-headed kid monster. One head wore a baseball hat and another head wore sunglasses. The monster was fun to draw, but it wasn't very scary.

Then he went through a change. He got bigger. He got older. And his three heads got much, much creepier. I really like him now. I think he's got a real attitude. He looks like someone I'd hang out with but I *still* wouldn't want to run into him in a dark alley!



7

Before Goosebumps



Painting *Goosebumps* covers is a great job. But I wasn't always painting *Goosebumps* covers. In fact, I almost didn't become an artist at all! Here's what happened.

Remember that masterpiece of a car I drew when I was kid? Well, as I got older, I got a little better at drawing. My favorite thing in high school was to copy paintings off of album covers.

Back when I was in high school, CDs hadn't been invented yet. We listened to vinyl record albums, which came in cardboard sleeves. Many of my favorite album covers had really beautiful paintings on them, and I would try to copy them. I was having

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fun. I never thought that people made a living by painting.

Then, in my senior year, I had enough credits to leave school early every day if I wanted to. My dad didn't like that idea too much, so I started to take classes in commercial art.

Commercial art isn't art you see in TV commercials although it can be. When you're a commercial artist, someone pays you to illustrate something for a product, like the label of a soup can, or an ad in a magazine or a book cover.

I was amazed. That's when I decided to try to become a professional artist. What could be better than making a career out of something that I loved to do?

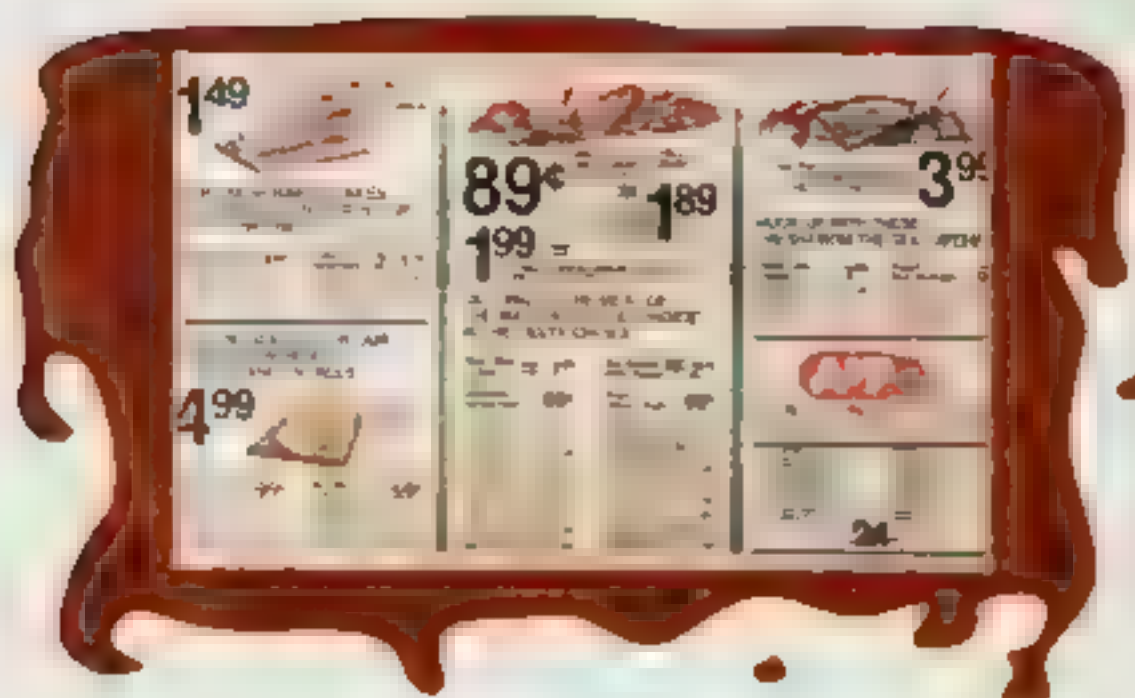
At first, my dad wasn't crazy about that idea either. But then my art teacher explained to him that art was a good career for me. So my dad gave in, and after high school I went to art school.

And then I found fame and fortune painting *Goosebumps* covers, right? Wrong!

After art school, I got a job painting food for ads for a local grocery store. Painting raw chicken and loaves of bread wasn't the most exciting thing in the world, but I got to see my work in print for the first time. And sometimes I used real food as a model when I painted, and I got to eat it afterwards.

Besides that job, I mostly painted for my friends. I

TIM JACOBUS



painted their cars, their motorcycles — whatever they would let me paint. One of my friends let me paint a different picture for each room in his house.

My friends got cool paintings, and I got to build up my portfolio. A portfolio is a collection of eight to ten of your best paintings and drawings. When you go for a job interview, your portfolio shows what you can do. Without a portfolio, I didn't stand much of a chance at becoming a professional artist.

Even with the free food from the grocery store, I still wasn't making enough money to earn a living yet. I had to find other jobs. I cleaned fish at a salmon cannery in Alaska. Back in New Jersey, I became a construction worker.

Painting book covers was my dream, but no one seemed to want to hire me. I thought about giving up and becoming a full time construction worker.

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At the last minute, my big break came. I got a job painting a cover for a *Star Trek* book. Then I got more work painting covers for science fiction books. Then, in 1991, I was hired to paint *Goosebumps* covers, and the rest is horror history.



So You Want to Be an Artist

When I was a kid, I never thought I would be an artist when I grew up. Art was something I did to have fun. But today, I hear from lots of kids who want to become artists. Here's what I like to tell them. Even if you don't want to be an artist, this advice may help:

1. **PRACTICE.** To get really good at anything, you have to work hard at it. Never give up on your artwork. In school, you'll learn about a lot of different ways of making art. Try them all.

2. **DON'T BE AFRAID OF CHALLENGES.** To be a professional artist, you'll have to be able to work in

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This painting shows my sci-fi style. When I put off cutting the grass I run into this same problem.



All of my paintings aren't scary. Some just seem like cool places to visit.

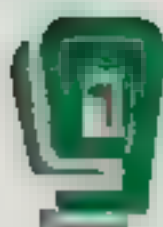
TIM JACOBUS

many different styles. I never liked to draw or paint anything cute. But for one job, I had to paint unicorns. I gave it my best shot. The finished piece was a success. I was glad I took the challenge.

3. **STAY IN SCHOOL.** This is an important one. Just because you're an artist doesn't mean you don't have to know about other subjects, like math, science, and geography. The things I learned in school help me paint all kinds of things, from night skies to airplanes.

4. **DON'T GIVE UP ON YOUR DREAMS.** I think it is important for everyone to have dreams and to set goals. I'm glad I didn't give up on trying to become an artist. For me, it's a dream come true!

5. **USE YOUR IMAGINATION.** Albert Einstein once said, "Imagination is more important than knowledge." Don't be afraid to use your imagination. You may be surprised at how far it takes you!



My Fangs (I Mean, Fans)



kay, I don't have fangs (although they would come in handy when eating corn on the cob) But I'm happy to say that I do have fans — I guess that includes *you*, or else why would you be reading this book?

At first, the idea that I had fans was a little hard to believe. I didn't feel like I was doing anything special. I was just doing my job. No one had ever wanted to meet me when I was painting raw chicken for that grocery store ad.

But after *Goosebumps* became popular, teachers started to write and ask me if I would come visit their schools. At first, the idea made me very nervous.

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I remembered what it was like when I was in fourth grade and we had an assembly. They brought in Mr. Chips, a chimpanzee who roller-skated. Then they gave him a brush and paint, and he painted away. Back then I thought, well, it's better than math class.

So the first time I was asked to speak at a school, I thought, will I be like Mr. Chips? Like a trained monkey? Should I bring roller skates just in case?

But my wife, Laura, told me not to worry. She convinced me to go.

When I got to the school, I was so nervous that I was sweating (remember Chapter 3?) I sat on the stage in the auditorium. Kids filed in, and they stared at me. I started to sweat some more. I was sure one of them was going to call me "Monkey Boy."

But I didn't panic. I showed slides of my paintings, and then answered questions from the audience. Before long, I stopped sweating. I was having fun. Kids told me what their favorite covers were. They treated me like a friend. And no one called me Monkey Boy.

Since then, I've visited lots of schools. Kids always ask the same questions. What is the next book about? What's your favorite cover? What is R. L. Stine like?

One kid asked me a question I'll never forget: Do you sweat when you paint? I'm still not sure why he asked me that. Maybe he noticed how sweaty I was before the assembly started. Or maybe *he* sweats

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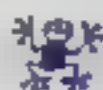
when he paints and wanted to know if he is normal I'm not sure.

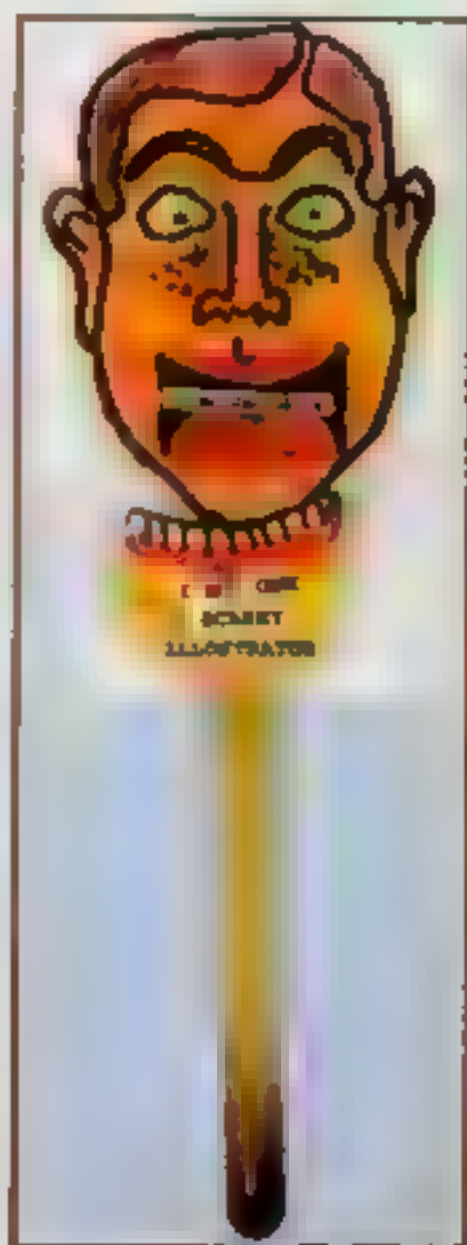
When I'm not meeting my fans in person, I hear from them through the mail. I get about sixty letters a month from fans all over the country. A lot of my fans write to tell me they want to be artists someday. Sometimes they send me their artwork too.

I wake up extra early in the morning so I can answer each letter. I know that soon I won't be able to answer every letter in person — or I won't get any sleep! That's one of the reasons why I wrote this book. I hope it answers all your questions. But if it doesn't, then you can still write to me at:

Tim Jacobus/Fan Mail
c/o Scholastic Inc.
555 Broadway
New York, New York, 10012

You can ask me anything — but *please* don't ask me if I sweat when I paint!



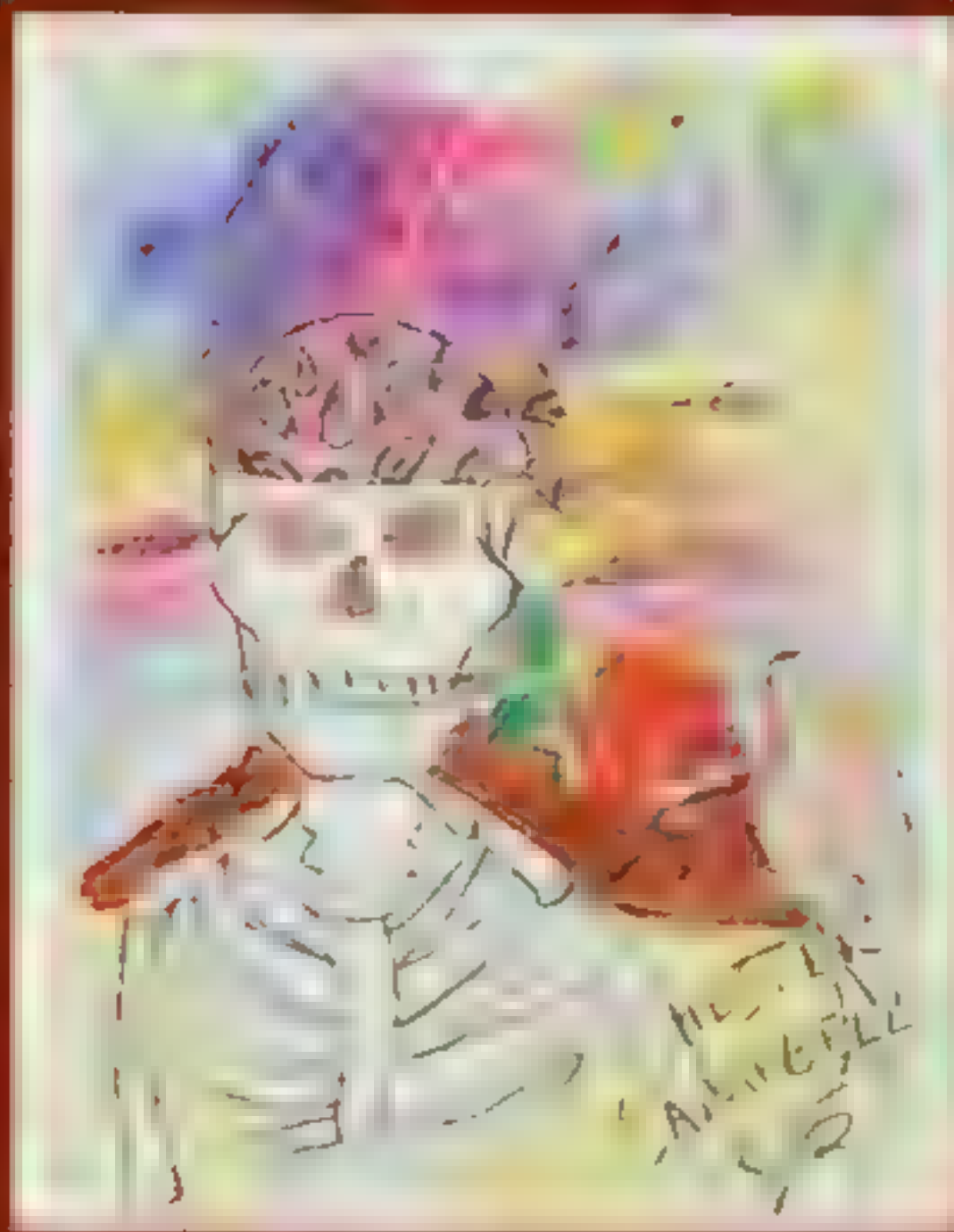


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Hello, my name is Sam Quinn
 I'm 9 1/2 years old. I live in Newark
New Jersey and I'm in Fourth grade.
 I also like to draw and play video games.



© Sam Quinn



from Yolande S. Schutter &
Lonna M. Maschek

The Green

By Yolande Schutter &
Lonna Maschek

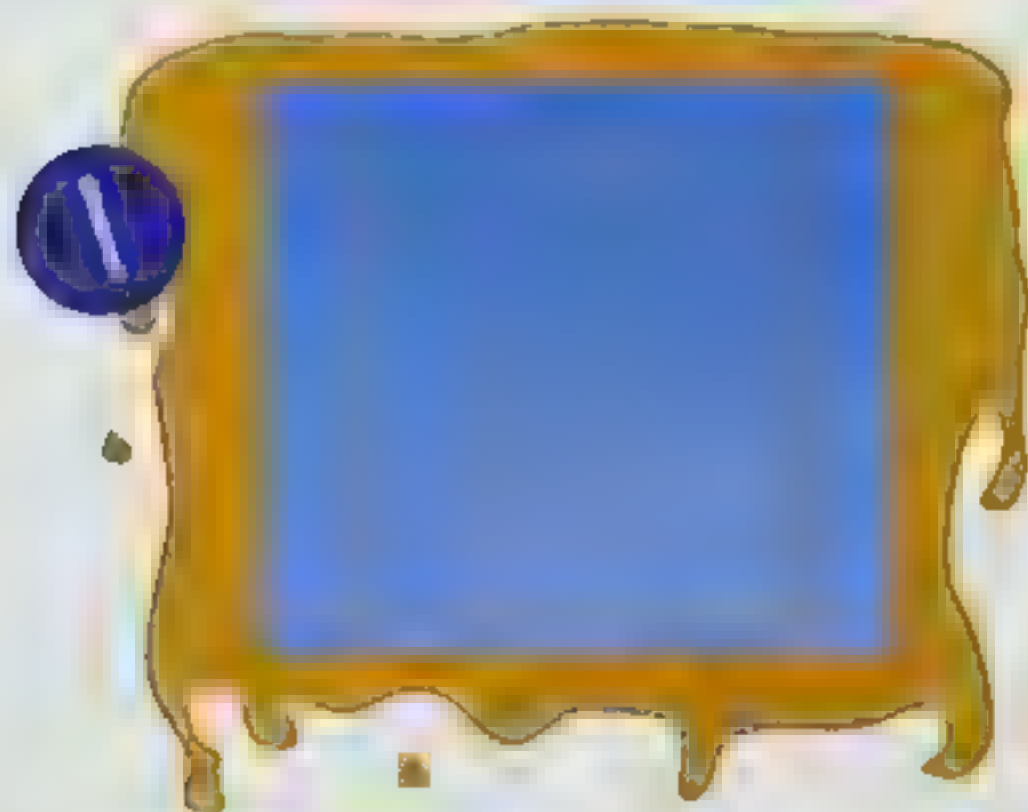
Interesting, fascinating,
Stands out in the crowd,
The pictures are real,
And the colors are loud.
Something is shiny,
Something is green,
Especially the sun,
That I like the most.
Oh the happy the leaves,
Enough to give someone grey hairs.
How the details are so sharp,
You think that they will glow in the dark!
Thank you for sending to our school



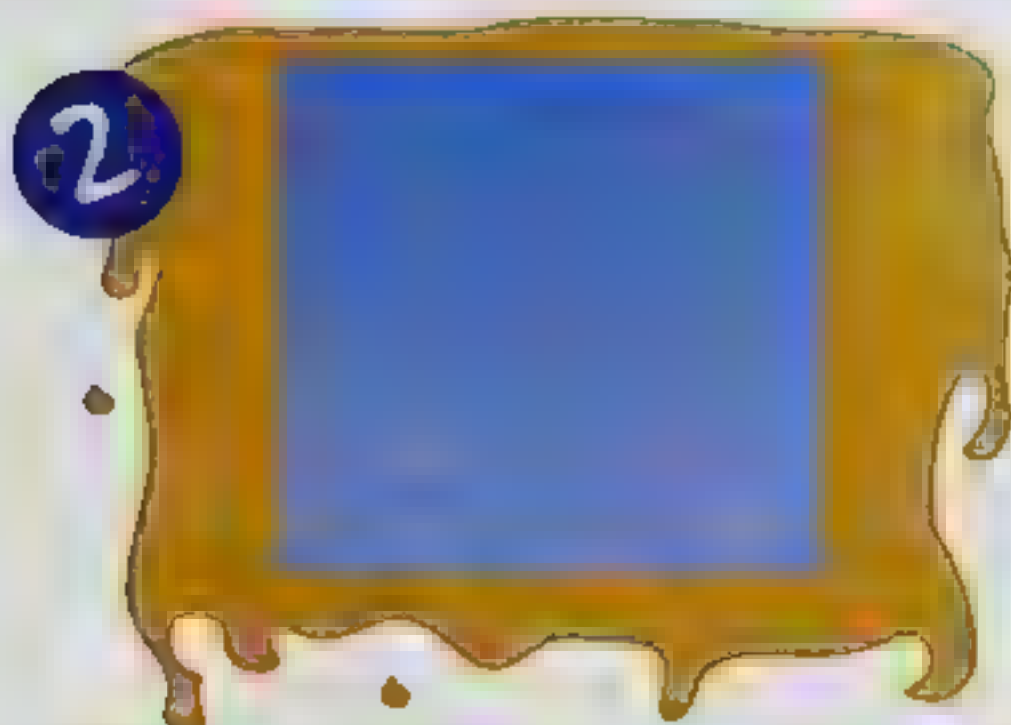
ART LESSON:

HOW TO DRAW CURLY IN SIX EASY STEPS

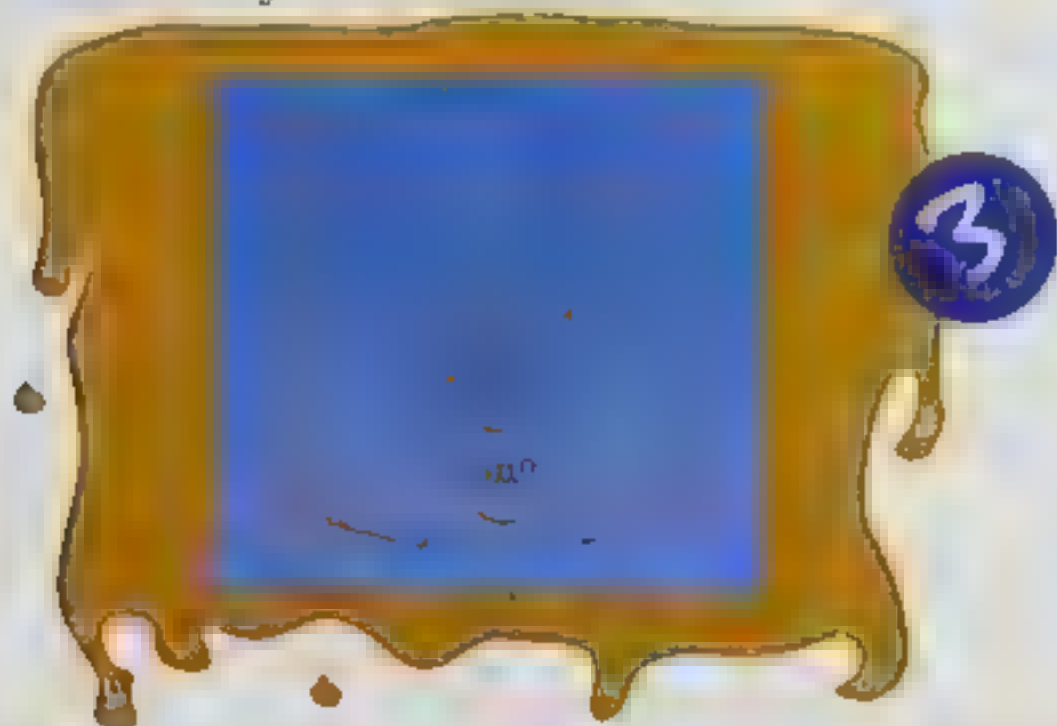
Does the thought of trying to draw like me scare you? Don't worry. It's easy! Follow these steps to draw Curly. All you need is a pencil and some colored markers or pens.



To draw anything, I use basic shapes: cylinders, triangles, cubes, or spheres. As you know, old Curly has a shiny round head. So to start, draw an oval. Don't worry if you don't get it right the first time. Just erase it and start over again. That's what pencils are for!



For Curly's cheekbones and chin, I draw triangles with soft corners. The straight lines on the bottom will become Curly's arms and ribs.



Curly wouldn't be Curly if he didn't have such a big mouth! Draw crooked rectangles for teeth — don't forget to leave one missing! Add shapes for the eyes and nose at the bottom of the original oval



Now it's time to add more detail, like Curly's bones and scarf. When that's done, use a black marker to start outlining Curly's jaw. You'll also need to use black to fill in those deep, dark places between Curly's bones.



Now Curly's starting to look like his old self. Adding details can help make Curly's nose look sunk in and make his scarf look wrinkled or folded. And whatever you do, don't forget his buzz cut!

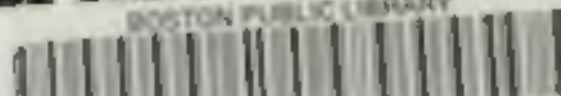
6



When you're happy with all the details you've added, then it's time to color. I like to add a little red around the eyeballs for an extra creepy effect. Why not use your imagination and color Curly in your own way? I bet he'd look lovely in green!

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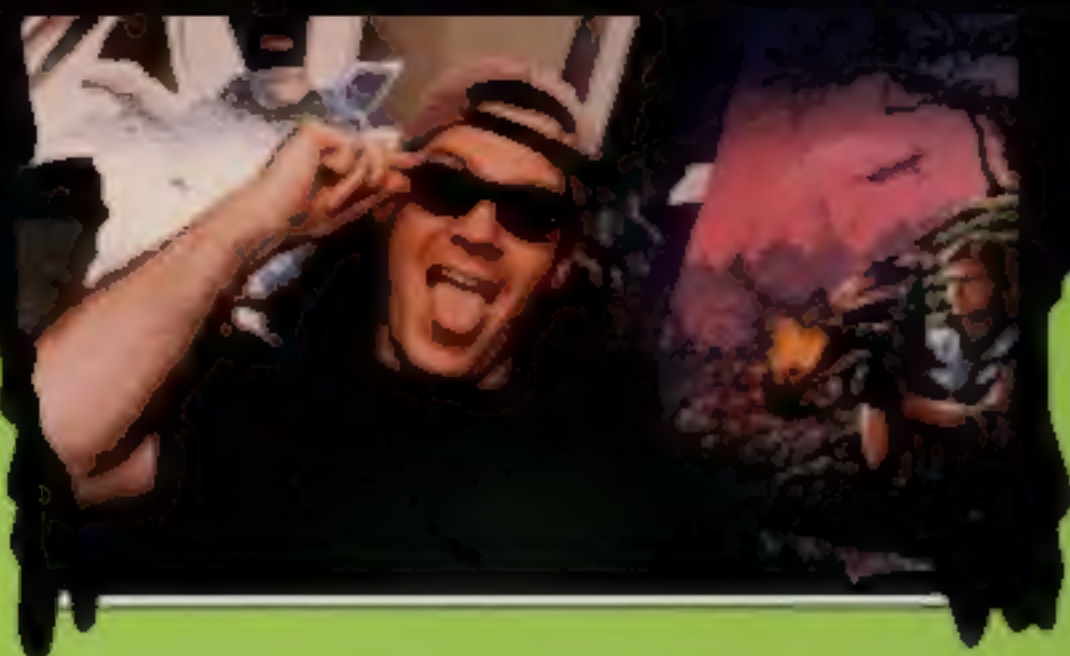
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (_____) _____ Boy _____ Girl _____

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WHO IS TIM JACOBUS?

He's the brains (and the paintbrush) behind the amazing **GOOSEBUMPS** covers! From hideous shrunken heads to grotesque blob monsters to evil ventriloquists' dummies, Tim gives you the inside story on how he dreams up the most terrifying covers in town—**GOOSEBUMPS**!

- PLUS :**
- ◆ Check out Tim's terrifying studio!
 - ◆ Find out what Tim really thinks of R.L. Stine!
 - ◆ Read about Tim's hair-raising adventure as a green baby!
 - ◆ Learn how to draw the Tim Jacobus way in six easy steps!



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